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Messrs. Pease and Severini have recommenced their very pleasant Morning Concerts, and appearances seem to promise a good success. Their first, on Monday last, was fashionably attended, and the performance gave unqualified satisfaction. Their second concert takes place next Monday, at Steinway Rooms, commencing at three o'clock. Miss Nettie Sterling will assist on this occasion.

To-morrow evening, Sunday, the 25th Sunday Evening Concert will be given at Steinway Hall. The programme will be, as usual, varied and attractive. Miss Kate Macdonald will be the vocal attraction, while the instrumental soloists will be Mr. S. B. Mills and Mr. Heindl. Mr. Thomas's orchestra will render a brilliant selection of instrumental works. We may expect another crowded audience on this occasion.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY CONCERT.

The accustomed throng at these popular entertainments suffered but slight diminution from inclement weather, and judging from very liberal encores that large public were exceedingly pleased with the programme offered for their acceptance.

Mme. Parepa gave "On Mighty Pens," Bach's "Sacred Song," and Gounod's "Ave Maria," with nice vocalization, the last named exciting more sympathy than its predecessors because displaying her best voice and expression.

Messrs. Rosa and Mills were quite fortunate on that occasion, both in performance and public estimation of their skill, while the orchestra contributed several pleasing features to a very agreeable concert.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Sweet, courteous, fair, delightful, and in every way remarkable reader! If you want to enjoy a good hearty laugh, go to the Broadway Theatre and witness the performance of Byron's inimitable burlesque of "Aladdin." From beginning to end it is one great pun, and this pun is delightfully interpreted by the piquant Worrell Sisters, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert (whose Widow Swankey is something immense), Mr. T. L. Donnelly, and the entire company.

This is the first opportunity I have had of according to the Worrell Sisters unlimited praise, but in "Aladdin" they are so *naïve*, piquant and jolly that I cannot refrain from speaking of them in these panegyrical terms.

Barring "Aladdin," there is little in the way of novelty at the theatres. "The Merchant of Venice" is in the high tide of success at the Winter Garden, and the performance, I am told, has greatly improved since its first representation. Master Henri Morisson still plays his "Dangerous Game" with infinite *finesse* at Wallack's. The German Opera Troupe still warbles at the Olympic, and at the New York Theatre the "Ticket of Leave Man" has been revived and has drawn fair

houses throughout the week. Mr. G. H. Clarke is a very acceptable Bob Brierly, Mrs. Gomersal is a charming May Edwards, while Messrs. Smith, Baker and Gomersal are each excellent in their respective parts. It would be well, however, for Mrs. Wilkins to remember that vulgarity is not humor, as the lady indulges in some few vagaries during the performance which verge considerably on the indecent, and which, I am happy to state, meet with a few decided hisses from some of the more independent of the audience.

Next week we are to have Lady Don at this establishment, the lady making her first appearance as the Earl of Leicester, in what is rumored to be a very amusing burlesque of "Kenilworth."

Hartz has produced a new mystery which he calls "Proteus," a most astounding affair, and one which quite electrifies the audiences in his pleasant little "Temple." Men, lamps, skeletons and numerous other articles, animate and inanimate, appear and disappear in a most marvellous manner. How Mr. Hartz accomplishes this truly diabolical feat is beyond comprehension, but accomplish it he does, to the great edification and delight of numerous spectators.

"Matters Theatric" are uncommonly short this week, but as the woman in the burlesque says, "If we've no ribbons, how can we make bows?" So in the same tone I say: "If we've nothing to criticise, how can we criticise?" However, "there's a bright little cherub that sits up aloft," and perhaps he may, in course of time drop us a play or two from his elevated position.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

PRIVATE GALLERY OF W. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ.

Mr. Aspinwall's collection contains among its number many real gems. Modern art is not so fully represented as are the works of the old masters, which give to the gallery a somewhat sombre effect, toned and darkened as they are by age. The gallery is divided into three compartments, a corridor, large, and small gallery. In the first are pictures of a miscellaneous character, the second is devoted to religious and historical subjects, while in the third are to be found almost all the modern pictures contained in the collection. Placed in convenient positions are chairs and ottomans. The unpleasant glare of the sun is kept out by means of large screens suspended from the ceiling, causing a mellow light to fall upon the pictures, which is pleasing to the eye, and does away with the disagreeable dazzle which is to be found in most galleries. Around the room is a wainscoting of black walnut, corresponding well with the dark drapery with which many of the pictures are surrounded, while on the floor is a warm-toned carpet—in short, everything is here which one expects to find in a well regulated picture gallery. With no attempt at trumpery show there is still such an effect of richness and good taste displayed at every point that the visitor cannot refrain from complimenting Mr. Aspinwall on the discrimination and judgment which is everywhere exhibited. There is but a single feeling of regret which one has on visiting this gallery; and that is that its doors

are not thrown open to a greater extent to the general public—such a collection of pictures is a lasting monument to American good taste, and, as such, the people should have an opportunity to see and admire it. In the private galleries abroad this is constantly done, and the masses thus allowed to behold great pictures which otherwise would be entirely beyond their reach. "Ars longa," art is for all time and all people, and let him who has it within his power to purchase noble works of art keep them not to himself alone but rather let him allow his humble brethren to worship and admire with him at the same great shrine.

The first picture that strikes the visitor's eye on entering the Aspinwall Gallery is the "Morning Star" by Riedell, in which there is an excellent effect of light and shade and a beautifully drawn sylph-like female figure, strong in color and remarkably fine in action and expression, full of light, and happily relieved by a dark, sombre sky. The whole picture being characterized by a most delicious feeling of poetic sentiment.

Hanging next to this is the "Puritan Captain" by our own Woodville, an artist who has left behind him a lasting reputation, his pictures being for the most part noted for an almost Meissonier-like finish and delicacy. In the "Puritan Captain" are both these qualities, added to breadth and vigor of handling, making a head which is really superb in its grandeur of expression and power. The stern old Captain lives and breathes once more upon the canvas and in his eye we see the indomitable will and unflinching perseverance which characterized the soldiers of the Reformation.

Entering the Large Gallery the first picture which attracts the attention is an exquisite "Head of the Saviour" by Carlo Dolce, sweet in color and ineffably tender in expression. Combining all those gentle qualities with which we are so fond of investing the great Saviour of mankind, Dolce has here painted a surpassingly beautiful and loveable head. Not only is the expression exquisite but the execution calls equally for praise and admiration; the flesh, drapery, all are excellent and marked by great delicacy and elaboration of detail and finish. I would fain linger over this masterpiece, but time presses and we must on.

"Portrait of a Knight of Malta" by Velasquez. A picture somewhat faulty in drawing and very stiff in its outlines, but marked by great richness of color. This is particularly noticeable in the face and portions of the drapery in which there is great depth of tone and strength of effect.

In Tittian's "Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist," there is that curious anachronism of costume which the old masters were constantly guilty; here we have a picture strong in its individualization of character, fine in color but its entire effect marred by the introduction of costumes such as worn cotemporary with the painter. It has often been to me a source of considerable wonder how men possessed of such large ideas as were many of the old masters should so wilfully have overlooked the necessary adjunct of correct costume in their religious and historical pictures; it is an undeniable fact that we find this same error in nearly all their works,

and surely they cannot offer ignorance as a plea, for in the meanest of modern works of the same character, although as a matter of course lacking in the same strength and grandeur, we almost invariably find correctness of costume and accessories, and surely the old masters must have possessed the same facilities for obtaining the requisite knowledge to compass this end as the painters of modern growth.

In Salvator Rosa's "Charge of Cavalry" we have a picture somewhat Turneresque in style; broad and strong in color and effect, with but little or no attempt at detail, suggesting rather than depicting, the subject represented; and this it does admirably, the rush and roar of battle, the impetuous action of horses and riders, the smoke and dust which hangs like a pall over the whole scene, are one and all excellent and bring the subject before the eye in vivid and life-like colors.

Here we have Murillo's immortal "Immaculate Conception"—a grand subject grandly treated. Too much has already been written of this work to call for any further criticism in these columns; I shall endeavor rather to speak of such pictures as are comparatively unknown to the general mass of the public.

"Landscape with Figures by Rembrandt." Rembrandt, as every one knows, was principally celebrated for his strong effects of light and shade; in the "Landscape with Figures" we see these two points brought prominently forward at the expense of truth and naturalness, the composition is weak and trivial, nature has evidently been consulted but little, and were it not for the broad and luminous effect of light would call for but little or no attention.

A noble head is that of "St. Peter" by Guido. Strongly marked in character and expression, rich in color, and bearing at every point traces of the master hand of the great painter. Barring a certain faultiness in the drawing of the hand and arm, this is undoubtedly one of the greatest pictures in the collection.

In the Small Gallery are but two really great pictures; "Death of Wallenstein" by Carl Piloty, and "Discovery of America" by Francopini.

The first is marked by an excellent combination of light and shade and great expression in all the figures, as well as strong, rich color. The effect of candlelight falling on the helmets of the soldiers in the middle distance, the ghastly appearance of the murdered Duke, the expression of stolid brutality depicted on the face of the soldier in the immediate foreground, and the care and finish displayed in the execution of the accessories are all admirable, and go to make up what may be justly called a *great picture*.

The second is more particularly noticeable for strength and brilliancy of color and design. The figure of Columbus, although possessing both these characteristics, is hardly powerful enough in character to fully realize the sturdy mariner, and, although he stands prominently forward, there is still a lack of dignity and grandeur in the whole figure which detracts greatly from its impressiveness. Another fault, too, is the freshness of the costumes; after a long sea voyage it would hardly be possible for men to look so neat and trim as Francopini has made his

figures. Aside from these two faults the picture is wonderfully attractive and striking, and the eye constantly goes back to it, drawn thither by its brilliancy and richness of color.

This concludes the notice of the Aspinwall collection of pictures, a collection full of interest to all lovers of art, and one which should be a pride and honor to New York. Next week I hope to review some other of our private galleries; meanwhile the New York artists must not consider I have either forgotten or forsaken them, as I hope shortly to resume with them and the public a pleasant gossip about the studios.

PALETTA.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ART-STUDENT.

After due reflection, and much inward debate with my pen in my hand, I commit to paper this imposing title—because, notwithstanding its somewhat delusive nature, it is really the most accurate one that occurs to me at present. For Daisy and I were certainly Art-students—at least, we were sent by our fond families to an institution devoted to that object, and I suppose we—quite accidentally—studied a little sometimes, just by way of variety. I can't answer for Daisy; but I know that I learned to execute lovely crayon heads, "from the round," and, some years ago, great rolls of tinted paper cumbered the upper shelf of a certain hall closet; on which rolls were the results of my first year at the Art-school. There were innumerable Venuses, whose anything but seductive exteriors argued the worst possible taste on the part of Paris; a melancholy Homer, which I executed under protest, and Lorenzo di Medici, whose colossal head haunted me with its awful plaster curls. I remember the shape of two or three of those curls to this day. They were exactly like fancy crackers,—only the most imaginative baker never could have invented such shapes, or embodied his conceptions thereof. And there was one inevitable Mercury, the features of which I could sketch accurately from memory, on this sheet, so thoroughly was it impressed upon my imagination in the course of that first year. I cannot attempt to explain the phenomenon, but every young lady in the School of Design seemed unaccountably impelled to perpetuate that dismal Mercury in every practicable view, on every shade of English paper, in charcoal and in crayon. I presume it was because the god, being represented as crowned with a little inverted basin, had, unlike Lorenzo, no curls, to distract the student with their complicated mazes, and baffle the most ardent attempts at an accurate copy.

For one year I reigned supreme, as the baby of the school, and in that touching capacity, was pointed out to visitors, stared at and wondered over, and petted and spoiled. I was about the tender age of nine, and, being extremely diminutive, though dignified and preternaturally solemn, was always taken for seven, and considered more of a marvel accordingly. I grew quite weary of being exhibited, and questioned by everybody who came in, and when another infant student was admitted to the school, I was ready to utter a *laus Deo* at the prospect of some one to share my honors. At this period, Daisy was a

little girl in the shortest of dresses, and the most rainbow-like selection of colors; with a tendency to shyness, and a morbid aversion to being stared at—which cost her many blushes, and enforced many precipitate retreats before the hosts of visitors. Before we had met half a dozen times in the dressing-room, we had sworn friendship on the strength of certain congenial tastes, happily discovered, and straightway formed an alliance against the whole army of staid and devoted young Art-students.

This potent bond was, I fear, rather a reprehensible one. In my youth I had one great failing. Years of discretion (by which I mean those which my friend Mrs. C. persists in calling indiscretion) and a proper sense of duty, have conquered its first intensity; but in the years when Daisy and I were school-girls, it was of giant proportions, and grew and spread at its own sweet will. This lamentable sin of my childhood was a vast fondness, and an unlimited capacity for, what the children call "making fun of people,"—and what I might now term satire, were I so unpardonable as to indulge in it. Daisy was my equal in this happy, if objectionable quality—this perfectly infinite source of entertainment. To her appreciative ears I hastened to confide all my little pet privacies of this nature, and to introduce to her all those quite unconscious celebrities which I had hitherto enjoyed *à solo*.

But doubtless the deluded reader is wondering when the Art Reminiscences are coming in. Alas! I can only say "God speed him in the quest!" Did I not begin with an apology for my magnificent title? Once I was an Art-student, and these are some wandering recollections of my second year in that role, in which, perhaps, some stray images of higher things may find their way among a chaos of juvenile absurdities. But I promise nothing, lest I find myself unable to perform, consistently with proper veracity.

In the course of that halcyon year, I drew, as I have before remarked, all the Venuses, the Homers, and Apollos, and the inevitable Mercury; and I embellished the margins of my sheets with pencil sketches of all my pet heroes and heroines—worked up with the softest leads in Faber's collection, so as to do full justice to their Spanish eyes and hair—and carved their names on the woodwork in the dressing-room, and wrote them on the screens. I formed but two definite conclusions of the subject of Art: first, that the Cooper Institute was a delightful place to play in, and that Daisy and I, being sworn friends, were to do as much of that, and as little of work, as we could possibly manage; and secondly,—what clings to me still—that nobody was ever blessed with the acquaintance of so many extraordinary people as I was—and that of *all* extraordinary, unaccountable and unimaginably queer ones, Art-students, taken as a body, were the queerest.

It is strange, and may seem doubtful to the uninitiated, but it is no less true—that a sort of universal likeness seems to spread like a contagion among them. No matter how stylish, how piquante, or *prononcée* a young lady might be on her entry to that institute—the fate was inevitable, and before she had passed her first quarter, she began to grow—what word can I use to express the state?—*artistic*, I may term it,